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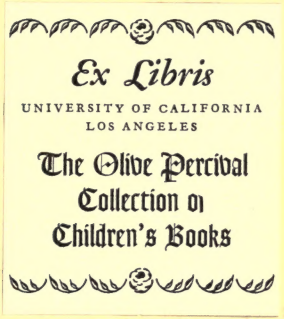

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To

Miss's Barbara & Margaret, and
Alexander Wardrop's

for

Going good Schôolars.

from

their Grandfather

Edin. 10th George Street
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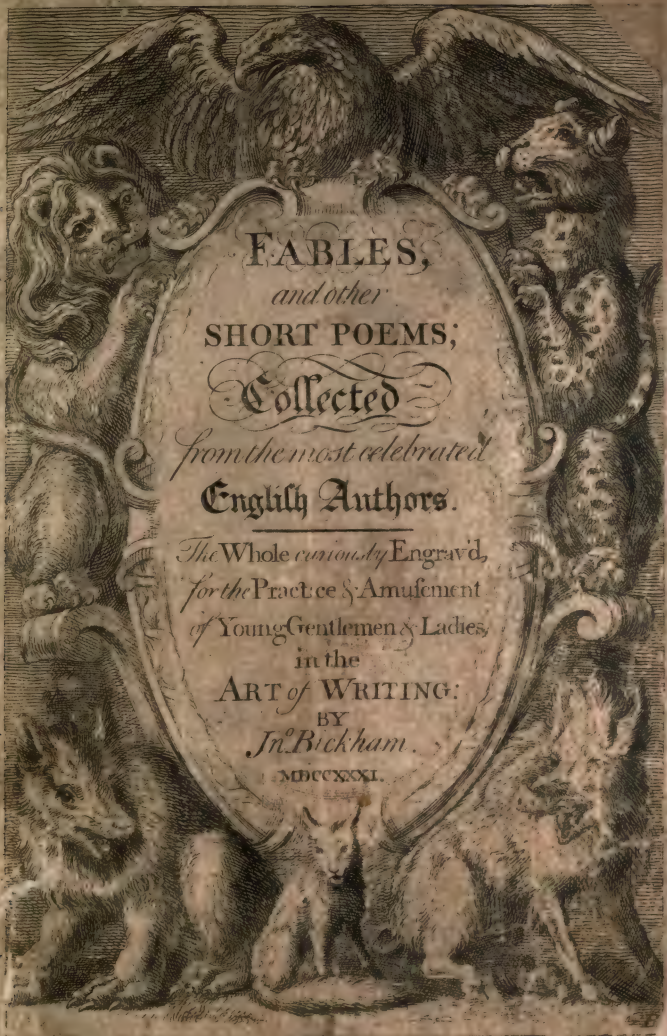
W. Ruff



Printed & Sold by Geo.e Cobb (who Married y.e Widow of
M.r John Cluer) at y.e Printing Office in Bow Church Yard
London, where may be had Copy-Books of Round Hand
with Copys at y.e Top to write after Engrav'd by G. Bickham

On the Beauty of Fable; Extracted from the SPECTATOR, by WAY of PREFACE.

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us, as offering an Affront to Our Understanding. We consider the instruction as an implicit Censure, & the Zeal which any One shews for our Good on such an Occasion, as a piece of Presumption or Impertinence.

For those Reasons, there is Nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreable. How many Devices have both Antient & Modern writers made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen words; others in y^e^ most Harmonious Numbers; some in points of Wit; & others in Short Proverbs.

But amongst all the different ways of giving Counsel, I think y^e^ finest, & that which pleases the most Universally, is FABLE, in whatsoever Shape it Appears. This way of Instruction excells all others, because it is the least Shocking, & the least Subject to Exception.

Upon Reading of a Fiction, we are made to believe we Advise our Selves. We peruse the Author for y^e^ sake of the Story, & consider the Precepts, rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. This Oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that we find the Wise Men of Old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in FABLE.

The Moral, in short, of an Allegorical Performance insinuates its Self imperceptibly; we are taught by Surprize, and become Wiser & better unawares.

FABLE I.

W. Kent Jr. G. Bickham Sc.

The PHILOSOPHER, and SHEPHERD

Long liv'd a Invain in high Renown
For Wisdom, far remote from Town.
An Hoary Sage his Cottage Sought
And wondred at his Reach of Thought
Say, Shepherd, Say, he cry'd, from what
Thy Judgment and Superior Sence.
Hast thou with Books familiar been
Or hast thou Study'd Arts and Men
The Invain reply'd, with Modest Air
Our rural toils are all my Care.

No

No Authors have my Soul refin'd,
Nor have I ever read Mankind.
What little judgment I have gain'd,
From Simple Nature I have drain'd.
By Her, I've all my Actions weigh'd,
And always her Commands Obey'd.
Her Laws alone, if well purfu'd,
Will make Men Wife, as well as Good.

Moral Sentences.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of Sense.

From follies past no Counsels can arise,
But a just caution to become more Wise.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the bow;
And, as they first are fashion'd, always grow

In Spite of all the Virtue Women boast,
The fair One that deliberates is lost.

In fairest Meadows dangrous adders lie,
And most deceit is clad in Flattery.

The fairest Virtues never shine so bright,
As when true Modesty Obscures their Ligh

Ill habits Gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to Seas.

The Lyon, the Tyger, & the Traveller.

A Tyger, in pursuit of prey,
Seiz'd COLIN, as he Sleeping lay;
To his Defence a Lyon flies,
And at his feet the Tyger dies.
Sire, Say'd he, I in vain, your Rage Confine,
And to your Courage Mercy join.
Tho' Tyrants keep the World in Awe,
And make their boundless Will their Law;
Still they're the Objects of our Hate.
The Prince that's good, is only Great.

Moral Precepts

Quickly lay hold of time, while in Your pow'r,
Be careful well to Husband every Hour.
Despair of Nothing which You would attain
Unwearyd diligence Your point will gain.

Delays are dangerous; take a Friend's advice;
Begin, be bold, and Venture to be Wise.
He, who defers this Work from Day to Day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting Stay,
Till y^e^ whole stream which stopt him should be g
Which as it Runs, forever will run on.

Let modest Silence be Your chiefest care
In all Your conversation: and beware
Of being over-talkative; and Shun
That lewd, perpetual Motion of the Tongue;
That Itch of Speaking much; and be content
That Your discourse, tho' short, be pertinent.

FABLE III.

The Wild Boar, & the Ram.

Fast to an Elm a Lamb was tyd;
In sight of all the Flock she dy'd.
See! See the Butcher is in View,
Cry'd a Wild Boar! Revenge; pursue.
No, Sir, reply'd an Ancient Ram,
We are by Nature mild and tame.
We have no Tusks, like you, to kill;
We bear with Patience every ill:
But when the helpless are Oppress'd,
Their Wrongs are by the GODS redress'd.

ON LIBERTY.

Oh Liberty! thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight:
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight.
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st Beauty to y^e Sun, and pleasure to y^e Day.

Adrian's Address *to his* Departing Soul.

Imitated by M^r. Prior.

Poor, little, pretty, Flutt'ring Thing,
Must we no longer Live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lyes all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st & hop'st, thou know'st not what.

The Spaniel, & the Camelion.

A Spaniel, very pert and gay,
Goes Out to take the Air One day;
And, as he round the Meadow flies,
On a Camelion casts his Eyes.
Lord! Sir, says he, that Shape, that Mien,
Should no where but at Court be seen!—
A Courtier's Life long Since I try'd,
Like you, I flatter'd, fawn'd and Ly'd.
But Lying is a Sneeking Vice,
And the Sure Mark of Cowardice.

To Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

When Cupid did his Grandsire Jove intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,—
Jove sent, and found, far in a Country scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, look serene;—
From which ingredients, first ye dextrous Boy
Pickt ye Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;
The Graces from ye Court did next provide—
Breeding, and Wit, & Air, and decent Pride;
These Venus cleans'd from every Spurious grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mixed up all, & his best Clay imployd;
Then call'd ye happy composition Floyd.

On the Invention of Writing.

Great was that Genius, most sublime that thought,—
Which first the Curious Art of Writing taught;—
This Image of the Voice did Man Invent,——
To make thought lasting, Reason permanent;—
Whose Softest notes with Secrecy can Roll,——
To Spread deep Mysteries from Pole to Pole.—

FABLE V.

The EAGLE, & the Assembly of ANIMALS.

As JOVE his lower World Survey'd,
Strange Murmurs did his Ears invade.
The Fishes long'd the Plains to graze;
The Beasts, to Skim along the Seas.
He calls his Eagle. Tell those Creatures,
They have free Choice to change their Natures.
Downwards he flies, proclaims aloud,
His high Commission to the Crowd.
They all Stand Mute.—What! none Consent!
For shame go home, and Live Content.

The MALECONTENTS; OR, THE MORAL *to the* LADLE. *by* Mr Prior.

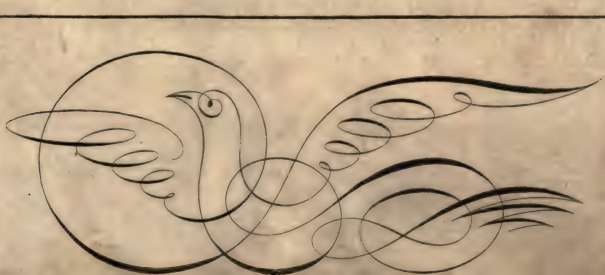
This Commoner has Worth and Parts;
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head akes for a Coronet;
And who is Bless'd, that is not Great?
Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He must have Rule & Sway;
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.
The Miser must make up his Plumb;
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.
Against our Peace we arm our Will:
Amidst our Plenty, Something still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel Something, unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and levens all the rest.
That Something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

The Miser, and Plutus.

The Miser starts, and trembling Stares,
Wak'd with imaginary fears.
Soon Qualms arise; with anxious pain
He thinks on his ill-gotten gain.
For Thee, he cryes, Accurs'd Gold,
My Honours lost, my Virtue sold.
Plutus appears.—why thus Abus'd?
Thus curst? thus falsely, I, accus'd?
Know, Riches, on the Good bestow'd,
Are Blessings, worthy of a God.

The Difference betweene
VERTUE and VICE.

Vertue's a Native Rectitude of Mind,
Vice, the Degeneracy of Human-kind;
Vertue is Wisdom Solid and Divine;
Vice is all Fool without, & Knave within:
Vertue is Honour, circumscrib'd by grace;
Vice is made up of every thing that's base:
Vertue has secret Charms which all Men love
And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
Vice, like ill Pictures, which offend the Eye,
Make those that made them their own works de
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of ye Soul,
Vice is the foul Disease infects the whole:
Vertue's the Friend of Life, ye Soul of Healt
The Poor Man's Comfort, & ye Rich Man's wea



FABLE VII.

The Universal Apparition.

As a Young Rake repentant sat,—
Deploring his Unhappy Fate,——
The Phantom CARE thus Spoke. Be wise,
And Health above thy Pleasure prize.
The Youth reforms, resolves to find—
(His Health restor'd) true peace of mind.
He seeks the Court, the Camp, the Plain,
To fly from CARE, but all in Vain.—
This World is like a troubled Sea:—
No State of Life from Sorrow's free.——

A Description of the Antient Rustical Entertainments of ye first ROMANS.

Our brawny Clowns of Old, who turnid ye Soil,
Content with little, and inurd to Toil, ——
At Harvest home, with Mirth & Country-Cheer,
Restord their Bodies for another Year; —
Refreshid their Spirits, & renewid their Hope
Of such a future Feast, and future Crop. ——
Then, with their Fellow-Joggers of ye Ploughs,
Their little Children, & their faithful Spouse;
A Sow they slew to Vesta's Deity; ——
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pourd to thee.
With Flowrs & Wine, their Genius they adord;
A short Life, and a merry, was the Word; —
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue.
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

FABLE VIII.

The LADY, and the WASP.

As Cloe, with Affected Air,
Sat lolling in her Easy Chair;
An Amorous Wasp around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and sipt the Dew.
She frowns, she frets. He makes Reply;
With Love I burn, I rage, I dye.
She Smiles, forgives: He Claps his Wings;
But Soon she finds that Wasps have Stings.
Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
Mourn their ill Conduct Soon or late.

The CHARACTER of a Religious Lady.

She practis'd here so much, that when she sprung
Amidst the Choirs, at the first sight she sung.
Sung, and was sung herself in Angel's Lays
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All Offices of Heavn so well she knew,
Before she came, that Nothing there was new
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As One returning, not as One Arriv'd.

THE Character of a Beauty.

Her faultless form no secret Stains disgrace;
A beauteous Mind, unblemish'd as her Face.
Not painted and Adorn'd, to Varnish Sin;
Without all Goodness, all Divine within.
By truth Maintaining what by Love she got
A Heavn without a Cloud, a Sun without a spot

FABLE IX.

The FOX at the POINT of DEATH.

A feeble Fox, with Age decay'd,
Thus, as he lay expiring, Sayd,
What would I give, my Sons, to find,
In my last moments, peace of mind?
Take my Advice: lost Fame restore;
Live honest, and Offend no more.
A Fox reply'd, you preach in Vain:
Nature repell'd, recoils again:
An innate vicious Tast we have,
Which we all carry to Our Grave.

Variety of Deaths.

Extracted *from an* ODE of Mr. Prior's.

Some, from y^e^ stranded Vessel, force their way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some, who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.
In Journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace;
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
Each changing Season does its Poison bring;
Rheums chill y^e^ Winter; Agues blast y^e^ Spring
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Power:
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.
For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads,
And on the spacious Land & liquid Main
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

Cinco-formal ovals

The Two Owls, & the Sparrow.

Two formal Owls, with pride elate,—
Thus, in deep sighs, bemoan'd their Fate.
How vicious is our Modern Taste!—
Owls were rever'd in Ages past.—
Rightly Observ'd.—But now no Bird
Is more contemn'd, or less preferr'd.—
Hard by, a pert, Young Sparrow sat,
And thus broke in upon their Chat.—
Be Humbler, Sirs.—Fools are, we find,
To their own Imperfections blind.—

A SIMILE.

By Mr. Prior.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop;
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of Simile)
A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rolling Cage?
The Cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top-?
Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with y^e Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.
So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' Shades;
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:
Still Dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses found;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

The LYON, the FOX, & the GEESE.

A Lyon, Sick of Pomp, made known
His Royal Will to quit the Throne.
A Council's call'd: Debates arise:—
At last, a Fox his place Supplies.—
All promise future Halcyon days;
And Trophies to his Merit raise.—
A Goose, who at some distance stood,
Thus whisper'd to the listning Brood.
When Flattery her Art displays,—
The Wise are jealous of her Praise.—

A Description
OF THE
MORNING.

Now hardly here & there an Hackney-Coach,
Appearing, showd ye ruddy Morns approach.
Now Betty from her Masters bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod Prentice from his Masters door,
Had pard the dirt, & sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirld her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepard to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy stumps began to trace,
The Kennel-edge, where wheels had worn ye place.
The Small-coal-Man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drownd in shriller notes of Chimney-Sweep.
Duns at his Lordships gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had screamd thro' half ye Stree
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duely let out a nights to Steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their hands.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, & the FAIRY.

With weeping Eyes a Nurse Survey'd —
Her Infant-Charge, and trembling, Say'd.
A Fairy has my Baby Stole, —
And left behind a perfect Fool.
Bless my Dear Boy! the Mother cryes,
The Wench is Mad, has lost her Eyes. —
Perch'd on the Cradle's top, a Sprite
Spoke frowning, visible to sight.
Nurse, You your partial fondness shew —
Fairys are Doatards all, like You. —

CUPID Mistaken.

As after Noon one Summer's Day,
Venus stood bathing in a River:
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart;
With all his Might his Bow he drew:
Aim'd at his beauteous Parent's Heart;
With certain Speed the Arrow flew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd:
O cruel, could'st thou find none other
To wrack thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak:
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easie my Mistake?
I took you for your Likeness, Chloe.

TABLE XIII.

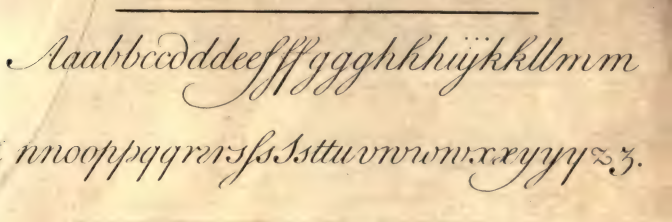
T. Wootton Del. Bickham Jr. Sc.

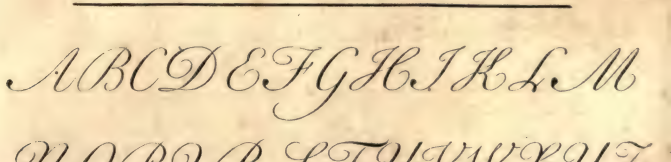
The SETTING DOG, & the PARTRIDGE.

A Fowler's DOG, *with curious Eye,*
Looks round, & points the Covey nigh.
His treacherous Arts a Partridge spies,
And timely warns the Flock to rise:
They Mount; with murmurs fill y^e Skies.
Why should the DOG *pursue us so?*
Be such a Sly, ungenerous Foe?
But Servants, prone to ill, betimes
Mimick with pride their Masters crimes.

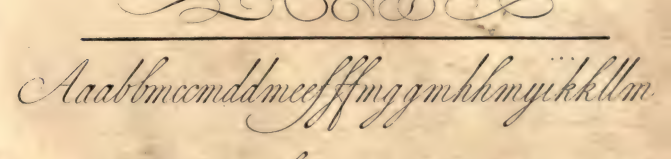
FINIS.

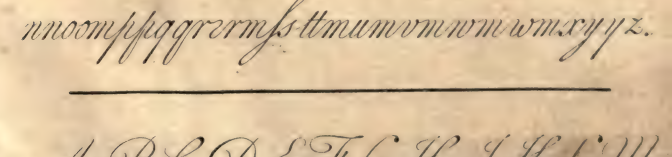
Round-hand Alphabets.





Italian Alphabets.





Sentences in Round-hand.

Pursue useful and profitable Studies.

Retirement is the truest enjoyment.

Esteem him who teacheth you Wisdom.

Faithful are the Words of a Friend.

Sentences in Italian.

Diverſions if innocent are laudable &c.

Humility is the foundation of all Virtue.

Muſick and Painting poliſh the Mind.

Only by Pride cometh Contention. Mo.